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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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No Return of Wilsonism

Whatever other interpretation may be put on Tuesday's Democratic victories, they cannot well be heralded as a return to Wilsonism. The great reaction of 1920 was one against the Wilson Administration and all its works. The lesser reaction of Tuesday was against many things—some of them even legacies from the Wilson era—the prohibition amendment and the Volstead act, for example. But the issue which Mr. Wilson insisted on making paramount in 1920 created no rumbling echoes in this year's campaign. It had disappeared into what Hans Breitmann called the "ewigkeit."

The figures brought to the front by Democratic successes East and West are in no way associated with the Wilson régime. Mr. Smith and Dr. Copeland belong to the anti-Wilson, anti-McAdoo wing of the Democratic party in this state. Governor Edwards was an anti-McAdoo candidate for President at San Francisco in 1920. Nothing counts in his political cogitations but "wetness." Ex-Governor Ralston, who defeated ex-Senator Beveridge in Indiana, told his audiences that the League of Nations controversy was a thing of the past.

Senator "Jim" Reed, the most irreconcilable Democratic opponent of the Wilson Administration and the Versailles Treaty, excluded for that reason from the last Democratic National Convention, was re-elected in Missouri, in spite of the many letters in which Mr. Wilson has denounced him. Senator Hitchcock, chosen to lead the Wilson fight for unconditional ratification of the treaty, went down to defeat in Nebraska. Henry Cabot Lodge only squeezed through in Massachusetts, but the man who came so near to beating him was an anti-Wilson, anti-league Democrat.

So it goes. The Democratic voters were not thinking on Tuesday of fighting the 1920 battle over again. They had other ideas in their heads. Possibly they had no notion whatever of forecasting an alignment or uncovering a candidate for 1924. But whatever they accomplished in that line cannot be linked up with Wilsonism.

Tuesday's results brought to the fore as new possibilities for party honors and leadership no close followers of the last Administration. There is no Wilson stamp on these outstanding 1922 Democrats: Alfred E. Smith, Edward I. Edwards, James A. Reed, Woodbridge N. Ferris and Samuel M. Ralston.

First Rate Men in Politics

Plenty of good Republicans and Democrats must have voted for Dr. Steinmetz for State Engineer on the Socialist ticket to roll up his more than 200,000 votes in New York City alone. Their action was natural enough, and their point of view is one that most Americans share. If only we could get our great men into the public service! What a different thing politics and government would be if they were run by our distinguished engineers and bankers and great business executives—our experts generally! That Dr. Steinmetz preached socialism made little difference from this angle of approach. The point was that in the practice of his profession he ranked among the most distinguished scientists of America.

Unfortunately, Dr. Steinmetz was not elected. The cynics will suspect that he might not have run if election had been a possibility. At any rate his nomination was a freak, and the government of our cities and states, and to a considerable extent our nation, continues to remain out of the hands of our first rate men. During the war it was constantly remarked that for the first time in our history our great men were serving the government. Enthusiastic builders of Utopia drafted plans and hopes based upon keeping such men in charge. But with the end of the war the great men dropped out as swiftly as they had come. The stirring motive for altruistic service was gone, and naturally the service ended.

Right here, it may well be said, stands the great unsolved problem of American government. First rate theories and policies are all very well, but they count for very little if they are worked out by third rate human beings. Americans have devised any number of ingenious customs to make public life distasteful to able citizens. Our whole system tends to make officeholding a futile career, enticing only to those too lazy or inefficient to hold down real jobs. This is all wrong, everybody agrees it is all wrong, but nothing is done to better conditions. If anything they are growing worse, and the level of ability is tending downhill. Is there a remedy? How can we get our Steinmetzes into public life?

The 1922 Reaction

The striking thing about the political reaction of Tuesday was its spottiness. It went the whole way in New York, half way in other states and registered not at all in others. Taking the country as a whole, it was far from a full-swing reaction.

The reason for this confusion was the fact that the campaign was conducted not on one clear, single issue, but upon a dozen or more state or regional issues, most of them cutting across party lines. Very possibly the Republicans can thank this confusion for limiting their losses and preventing an old-fashioned landslide.

Some reaction from the extreme of 1920 was inevitable. It is almost the customary thing for a party electing a President to be hard pushed to elect a House of Representatives two years later. There is always a back swing—often, under normal conditions, a swing which involves a dramatic shifting of party control.

This has been a political fact of common knowledge. Yet a party in power in Congress has seldom shown the slightest trepidation in running foul of it. Faults of political leadership—such as must be laid abundantly at the door of the present House—usually lend valiant aid to the opposition party.

The Republicans, for example, won the House in 1888, when they elected Benjamin Harrison President. They lost it amazingly in 1890, after the passage of the McKinley tariff. Here was an unequivocal national reaction. The Republicans elected only 88 members and were left in a minority of 148. The same phenomenon occurred in 1894, two years after Mr. Cleveland's second election. There was a Democratic majority of 84. It was converted into a Republican majority of 140. In those two contests there were no local or side issues.

Mr. Bryan split the Democratic party in 1896, but it came back strong in 1898 and cut the Republican majority in the House from 85 to 18. The Bryan leadership, however, prevented a recapture of the lower branch either in 1902 or 1906. In 1910, the second year of the Taft Administration, the Republican grip was broken. The Republican split of 1912 then intervened and the united Republican party had no off-year chance to take the House away from President Wilson until 1918. This year, although the excessive Republican majority of 1920 has melted away, there has been no ponderable Democratic majority created. The reaction was not one of the old-fashioned, carry-through kind.

As a matter of political probability the Democrats were due to win, or nearly win, the House this fall. When it came to finding reasons for a victory they could not agree among themselves, and they accordingly made an extraordinarily varied and decentralized campaign. They were all things to all men—different things in different states. A separate reason must be given for the success of nearly every Democratic Senator chosen or defeated. And the same thing applies to the great majority of the Democratic candidates for the House.

The Republicans were in for a severe set-back. Only Providence, turning a kindly eye on hide-bound Republican leadership in both House and Senate, kept the slaughter from being worse.

Cayuga Indians vs. New York State

There is a strange echo of the forgotten past in the suit for $3,000,000 brought by the British government against the State of New York and the government of the United States in behalf of the Cayuga Indians.

This tribe was the fourth of the "Five Nations" which occupied the western portion of New York State and for so many years offered fierce opposition to the advancing colonists. In the Revolution, and again in the war of 1812, they were the allies of the British, and it is out of this latter occurrence that the present claim arises.

The legal relation of the Indian tribes to the government has always been peculiar. We have made treaties with them as if they were foreign nations, and yet we have claimed special rights and privileges under these treaties which no foreign nation could have granted. We have considered that for a foreign nation to intervene in behalf of a tribe residing within the territorial limits of the United States would be an unfriendly act. Chief Justice Marshall described the status of the Indians as that of "domestic dependent nations." And yet it has been held in our courts that an Indian treaty, when duly solemnized, is as much a law of the land as is a treaty with a foreign power.

In 1806 the Cayugas ceded their lands to New York State in return for an annual payment in perpetuity of $2,400. When in the War of 1812 these Indians joined the British we considered that they forfeited the right to the payments and so stopped them. The Treaty of Ghent, however, establishing peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1814 expressly provided for cessation of hostilities with the Indians and for the preservation of their rights.

As most of the Cayugas are now in Canada the British government is acting in their behalf, apparently on the ground that the War of 1812 did not abrogate the rights of the Indians to the annuity guaranteed them by the State of New York. The Cayugas claim the unpaid annuities for the last 110 years, together with compound interest. The case is to be submitted to an arbitration commission.

The Raid on the Bench

The fight against a boss-controlled judiciary made by Surrogate Cohalan is but just begun.

Mr. Cohalan made a valiant battle in the face of what was almost certain defeat. He was not fighting for re-election. He was fighting against a bi-partisan combination of bosses effected for the purpose of controlling the bench.

His campaign has served to unite right-minded citizens against the presumption of the bosses and to awaken indignation throughout the country at this raid on the bench.

Mr. Coleman, who permitted himself to be entered as the Republican candidate in the race against Mr. Cohalan, has the dubious satisfaction of knowing that he ably aided the purposes of the Tammany boss. Otherwise, he made his race for nothing.

Mr. Cohalan can be proud of having made a brave fight for a principle and of having awakened the people of New York City to the necessity of taking the judiciary out of politics—by whatever means may be necessary.

A Shrinkage in Discontent

What little headway the Socialist party has ever made in the State of New York was lost in Tuesday's election. Although in an effort to gain strength an alliance with the Farmer-Labor party was effected this year, not one of the candidates of the combination was elected. Not one got a considerable vote save Charles P. Steinmetz, and he was voted for not because he was a Socialist but because he was a great and distinguished electrical engineer. So far as this state is concerned, discontent is not of sufficient extent to be organized effectively as a political unit.

The only place where it registered at all in the election was in the Middle West, where the Farmer-Labor party has capitalized the recurrent discontent of the farmers that the Greenbackers passed along to the Populists and the Populists, before they expired as a party, bequeathed to the Nonpartisan League, their heirs, successors and assigns. In Iowa Brookhart, the Republican candidate for Senator, whom the Farmer-Laborites indorsed, won by a big majority. But issues there were largely local, and Iowa has enough Republican votes to elect any Republican candidate for anything.

The election showed pretty clearly that radicalism is gaining no ground in the United States. The predictions that it could be united and built into a great and dangerous party have produced no facts to support them.

Spare the Pfennig!

We have no love for the pfennig, nor, indeed, for German things in general. Not enough time has yet elapsed since the Lusitania murders and the World War. Yet we should regard with much regret fulfillment of the reported purpose of the German government to abolish that smallest of its monetary units.

The reason for that purpose is plain. It is found in the depreciation of German paper currency. With the mark fallen in value to a fraction of a cent the pfennig has been relegated to the domain of the infinitesimal. Its value is now about three hundred and seventy-five-one millionths of a cent, so that it would take 2,666 pfennigs to equal one cent of American money. That is certainly getting pretty close to nothingness.

But not quite. Modern science delights to consider the infinitesimal as well as the infinite. It tells us of interstellar distances of quintillions of miles; and it also with equal confidence tells us of electrons so small that there must be quintillions of them in an article so small that it can be held in the hand. And these inconceivably tiny objects are the most important of all material things, since they are in the last analysis the substance of all things.

Let the depreciated pfennig, therefore, be preserved, no matter how much it may be depreciated. Indeed, the more it is depreciated the more reason there is for preserving it. Who would abolish the electron, just because it isn't as big as an atom, or the atom because it isn't as big as a brickbat? Let the pfennig be preserved as an example and an illustration of how small a monetary unit may be. Besides, we may need it. Now that he has completed his memoirs, somebody may want to calculate the pecuniary worth of William Hohenzollern's soul. And what then would they do without the pfennig?

The "Movies" in Schools

Objectors to the use of "movies" as a method of instruction have raised the time-honored argument that to do so is to substitute entertainment for work.

This point of view is based on the assumption that entertainment can never be instructive and that work can never be entertaining. This idea, in turn, is based on the stubbornness of tradition. Until recent educational experiments teachers as well as pupils went on the principle that the process of learning was necessarily painful. Some of the moderns, of course, went to the other extreme in their endeavor to entice children to learn by playing. But they have not yet exerted extended influence.

To harmonize the two apparent opposites of work and entertainment is, however, by no means impossible. Up to date no method seems to have presented greater untested opportunities of so doing than the "movies." Recent experiments still leave much to be desired. But the medium is the very best, as the "movies" make an impression that no book can ever equal. They speak to the eye, which in nearly every individual is the most retentive organ of approach to the brain. Through motion they hold the attention and through imagery they grip the fancy. Herein lies the essence of memory, and memory plays a great part in all education.

It remains, therefore, to overcome the technical difficulties. Once this is done the possibilities seem almost limitless. If pictures are shown two or three times and after each performance detailed questions are asked much information can be fixed indelibly in children's minds with a simple thoroughness that has rarely been equaled. The more alluring the picture the better the lesson. If the course of compulsory dullness can only be removed from most instruction the possibilities of developing child mentality will be unbounded.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

A Word for the Defense

Our ancestors weren't such a wonderful lot,
A Harvard professor declares,
Averring it's merely the veriest rot
To think they were regular bears.
They drank and raced horses and stayed out at night
In the days of their rip-roaring youth,
And did other things not exactly just right,
No doubt—if the world knew the truth.

He thinks, this professor, that folks of to-day
Do stunts with the modernized brain
That the fellows who thought in the old-fashioned way
Could have only attempted in vain.
They couldn't build railroads or telephone lines,
Or talk without wires through the sky,
They'd have burned as a witch any man, he opines,
Who said human beings could fly.

We grant that our grandfathers didn't know much
Compared with such wisdom as ours,
The wars that they carried on never could touch
The war just run off by the Powers.
They didn't know beans about bucketshops then,
Or work get-rich-quick schemes at all.
They didn't have flimflam or confidence men,
Or even a Tammany Hall.

But they did pretty well at the tasks they were set,
Though their methods were ancient and queer,
And somehow or other we cannot forget
That we owe them the fact that we're here.
And though great professors may knock the old birds
And view their achievements as slight,
We'll always be willing to say a few words
To prove that they all were all right!

Strangely Retiring

Mr. Arthur Brisbane says that a gorilla could easily defeat Messrs. Dempsey, Carpentier and Siki. But as yet no gorilla has challenged any of the three.

A Big Advantage

The average girl enjoys a football game more than the average man because she doesn't have to pretend to know what is going on down on the gridiron.

Ought To Be Easy

It is unfortunate that the inventor of the adding machine died before he had time to invent a typewriter that could spell correctly.

New Orleans' Boast

(From The New Orleans Times-Picayune)

The New York Transit Commission, says Gotham, now offers "the longest ride in the world for a nickel." We know where you can get the roughest ride for seven cents.

The Tower

Sitting, on a chilly, damp November morning, looking out the window at a discouraged garden and trying to think of something to write about is one of the ghastliest things in life.—There are enough themes, but there is no theme that does not present itself as being as unappetizing as cold spaghetti.—And when you seek the icebox at 1 in the morning and find nothing in it but ice and a dish of cold spaghetti, you are a strong character if you do not sit right down on the oilcloth and deny the immortality of the soul.—A feeling of doubt, disillusionment, a sense of the general futility of things, emanates from a dish of cold spaghetti.

* * *

A friend of ours, whom we will call Herbert, was found dead in his kitchen early one morning some years ago.—He was hanging to an electric light cord that descended from the ceiling just over the sink.—The police were called in and, because the body was found in the kitchen, immediately arrested the cook on a charge of murder.—An association of ideas of that sort is always more than a detective is able to resist.

* * *

We arrived with Captain Fitzurse before the body was cut down, and the first thing we noticed was that the icebox door was wide open.—Inside was a platter of cold spaghetti.—It was staring out at the scene of its crime with a dull, satisfied malevolence.

We knew exactly what must have happened.—Poor Herbert had gone to the icebox some time between the noon of night and the first cockcrow seeking for sustenance, and had found the cold spaghetti.—He had gazed at it, and it had looked back at him, and each had at once begun to hate the other.

* * *

"You are loathsome," said Herbert to the spaghetti.—"Life is loathsome," said the spaghetti to Herbert.—Herbert was silent for a long moment, and then he said, "I agree with you."—"That's more than I would do with you," said the spaghetti.—"God knows I won't eat you and give you a chance to disagree with me," said Herbert.—"There isn't any God," said the spaghetti.—Herbert did not wish to believe this, but the longer he looked at the cold spaghetti the more probable it seemed to him.—After a couple of hours of this sort of conversation Herbert stepped upon the kitchen sink, tied the cord around his neck, put both feet on a cake of soap and stood on the soap till the soap slipped.—It was thus that we reconstructed the crime.

* * *

Captain Fitzurse agreed with us.—"But," said the Captain, "before we save the cook, let us first taste the sauce on that spaghetti."—We did so.—We gave the cook every chance, heating the sauce before we tasted it.—It was vile, that sauce.—"The cook must die," said Captain Fitzurse.—And we agreed with him.—The police discovered that Herbert and the cook had quarreled; the prosecuting attorney did his best; the jury, composed of housekeepers, rendered a verdict of guilty in the first degree without leaving their seats, and the cook was executed within six weeks.—"Justice," said Captain Fitzurse, "has been done!"—It should be a lesson to cooks; if the sauce had been right we should have saved the cook.

* * *

The right way to make a sauce for spaghetti is this:

First, you take some pungent onions, a part of a snappy green pepper, a part of a snappy red pepper and a piece of pimento, and you chop these things very, very fine. Then you brown them slowly in a frying pan with butter, sprinkling a little Worcestershire sauce over them while they are browning.

Then, in a stew pan, you pour half a canful of thick beef soup. Add to this the pulpy insides of several tomatoes. Add about half a bottle of tomato catsup. Add about four tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Put in some tabasco sauce. Sprinkle with red pepper, black pepper and salt. Put in some water and boil the whole thing slowly until it boils down to a paste.

* * *

When it has boiled down to a paste put the other half can of beef soup into it and some water, and then pour in the browned onion-pepper-pimento mixture from the frying pan. Then boil the whole thing down to a paste the second time, during the latter stages putting in a tablespoonful of the stuff known as kitchen bouquet.

All this time your spaghetti itself has been boiling, and see that it is boiled thoroughly. When the spaghetti is done and the sauce is done pour the sauce over the spaghetti in the pot, but do not let them cook together more than a couple of minutes.

If you have Parmesan cheese, so much the better. But American cheese that has been allowed to become hard and dry, grated, is nearly as good.—Sprinkle just a little of this cheese over the mess, and stir it in when you put the onion-pepper mixture to it.—It melts enough to help the ingredients get together.—But most of it should be sprinkled on the spaghetti just as it is eaten.

* * *

Do not allow any women around while you are cooking it.—Women always want to know how much of this and how much of that you use, and they think you don't know what you are doing because you can't tell them.—Few women grasp the fact that cooking is an inspirational, emotional, temperamental art.—When you find a woman who understands that, marry her.—If she is already married, kill her husband and elope with her and her children.

* * *

How beneficent is the homely miracle of heat!—Cold spaghetti is a crime and a cause of crime.—But hot spaghetti, with the proper sauce, is one of Italy's greatest gifts to the world.—Many women want it cut, and cause it to be cut.—If your wife serves it to you cut up, there is but one thing to do.—Be as kind as the circumstances will permit, but also be as firm as the circumstances demand.—Draw up a document, point out the dotted line to her and force from her her resignation as your wife.

DON MARQUIS.

SHAKING THE OLD PERSIMMON TREE

Books and So Forth

By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

WE ARE the sort of person who thinks that Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" is worth eighteen of "Main Street," four of Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" and two of "If Winter Comes." Better and wiser critics have spoken of it as a "satire." If "Babbitt" is a satire, Dante wrote "The Divine Comedy" for the Renaissance Burlesque Circuit.

When an author suffering from biliousness or a conviction of sin or from nervous dyspepsia turns out a volume filled with moans and plastered with woe and echoing with despair and picturing current existence as a condition crying long and feebly for bromo seltzer and a little aromatic spirits, people read it and shake their heads and murmur disconsolately, "How true! Oh, how true!" They say this aloud and then whisper to themselves: "Still, I've been a little more fortunate than this poor cuss. But how he does know Life!"

Then they proceed to tell the world that so and so has written a book that is almost great—a little uncouth, perhaps, a little unsteady in its lighter passages, somewhat disappointing on the whole, but nevertheless a novel of promise. The author, they say, writes with authority and a real grasp of the actualities of existence. In a year or so, if he heeds the faults they point out so kindly, he may write the Great American Novel.

Whereupon, the author, if he is a soul responsive to cheer, girds up his loins, finds, as the royalty checks roll in, that life isn't quite so decomposing and revolting a matter as he thought, and writes another one If he happens to be Mr. Lewis, he writes a great, true book—a painfully true book; so true that most of us, seeing life spread through its pages dispassionately and accurately, have to detract from it a little to keep from feeling uncomfortable and a little guilty. So we hail it as an "amusing satire." Perhaps we add that after "Main Street" it is a little disappointing.

* * *

To us "Babbitt" doesn't seem disappointing. It is a little humiliating. The National Security League—if there still is a National Security League—might employ it in its crusade for Americanization. If a man can read "Babbitt" without uncomfortable twitchings and reminiscent chilly shiverings up and down his spine, he is not ready for absorption into the Greatest and Most Enlightened of Nations.

* * *

Mr. Lewis is not so immensely engaged with life in "Babbitt" as he was in "Main Street." He stands a little way off from it, and while he does not hold his sides in merriment, he does permit himself to smile at it now and again. There is so much less of painstaking realism in "Babbitt" that the book seems to us infinitely more realistic.

* * *

American authors who dabble, and sometimes wallow and snort, in realism had made, we had almost become convinced, a tacit agreement that nothing so false as laughter should ever creep into their work.

To them the lighter and happier phases of existence have seemed to be immoral and unmentionable—though Allah knows they have had no such scruples about many other things.

From "Moon Calf" to "Gargoyles" the whole gloom-dripping clan has held to the belief that faithful depiction of life could be achieved only through intense solemnity. Humor to any of them in their working hours seems to have been considered as shocking and blasphemous as a dogfight in church.

We don't much believe that even groping in the nauseous and elemental mire is without its lighter moments. We don't believe that any social stratum is without its occasional flickerings of joy and exaltation. We don't think that Hecht, Dell and the Lewis of "Main Street" are as realistic realists as they think they are.

One of the most jovial men we ever knew was Jake Gould, who used to clean cesspools and cart away garbage in Pompton Lakes, N. J.

H. G. Wells once discovered that life was a joke—not a dirty practical joke by the Creator, but a joke to laugh at. Recently he seems to have forgotten his discovery. "Babbitt" is no kin to "Mr. Polly," but we rather believe that Mr. Lewis is the American Wells or Mr. Wells the British Lewis—whichever way you please.

In "Babbitt" Mr. Lewis has pictured current American life, not as a moralist or a realist, but like a damn good reporter.

* * *

Whoever wrote the blurb on the paper jacket of the book has thrown us again in our search for a publishing house that press-agents its publications truthfully. The author of the "Babbitt" blurb has not used a single superlative.

* * *

Lots of books make temporary Pharisees out of people. Men read them and chuckle or sigh, according to the dispositions of the authors, and closing them, are devoutly grateful that they themselves are not as other men—such men, for instance, as they have been reading of.

We haven't been able to do this with "Babbitt." We have finished it. We are a little unhappy. We don't know Sinclair Lewis. We've never been in the mid-West. Still, we have a sneaking, uneasy, embarrassed half-conviction that we are George Fellanbee Babbitt.

What Readers Are Thinking

Long-Suffering Staten Islanders

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On November 4 a new trackless trolley line was opened to the public on Staten Island with all the pomp and glory of a royal wedding. His honor, being cognizant, perhaps, of the fact that a large percentage of the residents wouldn't give a continental to see one of his demonstrations, contrived very cleverly to have them see one.

As a part of his program, two fire boats steamed around the Bay with all streams set, looking more like fountains than boats. To add to the "hilarity," two ferry boats in the slips and two waiting to get in opened up their whistles and blew. This spasm lasted fifteen minutes, then for ten more tedious minutes the boats drifted around waiting for a chance to dock.

One doesn't mind floating around the Bay under favorable conditions and voluntarily, but when he is held a prisoner and has an important business engagement, the joyous sensations depart. If any one can give me a logical reason for blocking traffic for half an hour to satisfy the foolish whims of a vainglorious official, I will gladly throw my hat in the air and yell with the crowd.

It is my opinion that the people of Richmond like to be humbugged, for in the few years that I have resided there they have swallowed a couple of mighty bitter pills, then licked the hand that administered them. We rode in filthy busses when the trolley service was denied us, then we walked when the court stopped the busses. After nine months we were given a trolley service totally inadequate.

The general public is a docile animal and quickly forgets abuses, as was shown at the last election.

I would suggest that special dispatch boats be provided at the next demonstration to allow such passengers as have dinners awaiting them to go ashore. Dollars to doughnuts, the crews of the ferry boats would have their hands full unloading in midstream.

TAXPAYER.

New York, Nov. 6, 1922.

The Golden Rule in Business

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me to thank The Tribune for printing the article headed "Business Under Golden Rule, Purpose of New Federation." There is a great deal printed to-day, especially in advertising, about "service," but the best definition of real service I have ever read is that given in the outline of the principles adopted by the Christian Business Men's Federation, namely: "Loving service rather than personal gain shall be the keynote of our commercial ambition." This should be most encouraging to all who are striving to do business according to Christian ideals.

S. C. DUNNE.

New York, Nov. 7, 1922.

A Despondent Dairyman

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Within six months the selling price of high-grade dairy cattle has dropped from an average of $237, which was maintained for ten years, to about $137, the price current. This frightful condition is not only a staggering loss to the vast dairy industry but it is a positive menace to the food supply of the world.

I will give a daughter of King Echo Sylvia Ophelia, a maternal brother of Carnation King Sylvia, a bull that sold for $106,000, out of a granddaughter of Colantha Johanna Lad, the greatest living bull, to any feeding expert in or out of the service of any department of national or state government or on the staff of any college who can devise a feeding ration that will keep a heifer alive to calve at the age of thirty months at a cost of only $137.

Specifically I purpose showing that high-grade dairy cattle are now selling for less than the cost of feed, and that is the greatest of all the world's industries brought to the point of absolute disaster. Farmers get from 8.5 to 4.3 cents for milk which sells for from 12 to 30 cents the quart. Milk wagon drivers are paid $100 a week for delivering milk in Philadelphia, while a farmer must keep about seventy-five head of cattle to produce enough milk to yield him $100 a week gross income.

The world knows no greater problem than American agriculture presents to-day.

CLEMENT H. CONGDON.

Doylestown, Pa., Nov. 6, 1922.